

## A Way with Words and a Way with Music

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Summary: Pashmina runs into a certain someone near the lake and gets curious when she hears about his secret. A Pashmina x Jingle oneshot. Please read and review!

## A Way with Words and a Way with Music

A/N: Konnichiwa! This is officially my second story!

I guess you could say I'm really "busy", but I'm kinda not. But either way, I obviously don't put up my stories often. I will try to get a multi-chapter story up soon, but for now expect some one-shots.

This one is another one-shot. It's about another kawaii couple--Jingle/Pashmina! This couple isn't very popular, as of what I've seen, but I still think it's pretty cute! Oh and remember, they're human. Anyway, I hope you all like it! Please review, thank you!

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**\*\*A Way with Words and a Way with Music\*\***

Pashmina slipped off her sandals carefully and placed them neatly on the ground. She then sat down at the edge of the lake. She dipped one toe into the water to test the temperature. But she quickly jerked her foot out with a soft squeal, for the water was icy cold. "Oiy, it's freezing." She said to herself. She put her foot in it again and winced once from the piercing cold. But after a few moments, she got used to the water and put her other foot in. She smiled.

Pashmina had just discovered the lake the day before while taking a stroll through the forest. It was a nice, private place. It was good for relaxing and thinking, and being with oneself in general. It was quiet and peaceful where no one would disturb her or the tranquility

of the area. She was glad she had found the place.

Suddenly, Pashmina heard the soft strumming of a guitar. She looked around immediately to see where it was coming from. She then noticed a boy sitting across from her on the other side of the large lake. At first, she couldn't recognize him since he was quite far away, but after a moment, she wasn't surprised to see him, Jingle, sitting on a boulder with his guitar in hand. He had gold-orange colored hair with one brown streak up the middle that gave him a hot rock-star look and matching auburn eyes.

"Jingle?" Pashmina whispered his name quietly. He normally wasn't around much anymore. Some producer who wanted to publicize Jingle's career had recently discovered him. Jingle declined right away, and left shortly after that. He had no intentions of becoming famous or any of that junk. He played for pleasure. He always liked to be free and not chained down by anything or anyone.

It had been a while since Pashmina had seen him. She thought about calling out to him. But then again, what would she say to him? 'Hey, I haven't seen you since you ran away from that high-paying job offer.' That sounded about right. Pashmina sighed. She had absolutely nothing to say to him. She was normally with some friends when she ran into Jingle so she never had to worry about making conversation or even directly speaking to him. Truth be told, she really didn't know anything about Jingle or understand him at all.

Pashmina leaned back and lied down on the green grass, leaving her legs hanging in the water. She wasn't going to call out to him. She didn't really want to talk to him anyway. If anything, she was mad at him for disturbing her in her newfound sanctuary.

\_Wait a minute\_ Pashmina thought. \_What if this is his private place? His peaceful little area? And what if **I'm** the one disturbing **him**?\_ Pashmina sat up quickly. She stared at him from across the lake as he played a soft song. Pashmina shook her head. "I'm sure he would have said something if that were the case." She said quietly to herself.

Pashmina then realized that Jingle had started to play his song louder, loud enough so she could hear it clearly. She closed her eyes and bathed herself in the soothing melody. It was really beautiful and moving and meaningful even though it had no words.

Soon, the song came to an end. Pashmina opened her eyes and looked down sadly. She wanted to call out to him and tell him to play some more, but she wanted to avoid confrontation. It was too bad. The music was so relaxing and beautiful that the quiet now seemed dull and boring.

"Do you like it?"

Pashmina looked up at the sound of his voice. She saw Jingle staring at her with a smile. She blushed. He knew she was there! \_And that must be why he played louder\_ oh man, I bet he's wondering why I didn't say anything! Pashmina thought. She silently scolded herself for not opening her mouth before.

"Hey, Jingle!" Pashmina said a little nervously. Jingle smiled and leaned his guitar against the rock.

"What did you think of my song?" Jingle asked. Pashmina paused for a second, and then nodded her head furiously.

"It was fantastic! I really liked it!" Pashmina said. She didn't have to pretend on that one, since she really had liked his song. Jingle picked up his guitar and hopped off the boulder. He then began to walk around the lake to her. Pashmina bit her bottom lip. What was she going to say to him? She hated awkward moments.

Jingle reached her in mere minutes. "Long time no see, Pashmina." Jingle said. Pashmina smiled and nodded.

"Yeah, I know. It's been a while." Pashmina said. Jingle sat down next to her, placing his guitar down on the ground.

"Whatchya been up to?" Jingle asked, leaning back with his arms as support. Pashmina looked away.

"Nothing really. The gang and I are still hanging out at the clubhouse. It's been cool." Pashmina said. "How about you? Where've you been?" Jingle looked up at the sky casually.

"Around. I took a trip up to the city and around the countryside, and back." Jingle said as if it were nothing. Pashmina was amazed, though, that he had traveled so much in such a short time and all by himself. Not that it was really that short of a time, but still.

"Wow! That's amazing!" Pashmina exclaimed. She had always known that he liked to travel, but she never knew he could accomplish so much in such little time. Jingle shrugged.

"Yeah, I guess so." He said casually. Pashmina blinked in confusion. She decided not to ask. She had another question in mind.

"Soâ€¦ what made you come back so suddenly? Was it because you missed home? Or maybe because you were tired of traveling?" Pashmina asked curiously. Jingle looked at her and gave her a calm smile.

"Neither. It's because I have to see someone and tell them something." Jingle explained. Pashmina was in awe. \_Jingle \*\*likes\*\* someone!\_ She thought.

"Who? Who is it? And what did you have to tell her?" Pashmina asked, looking at him closely. She brought her head closer to his, eager to hear his answer.

"How do you know it's a her?" Jingle asked. This took Pashmina by surprise.

"WHAT?" Pashmina asked, jerking her head back. But her swift movement caused her to fall into the lake. Jingle stood up instantaneously and grabbed her before she fell too deep. She got a grip on the edge of the lake and felt around the bottom with her feet. Realizing she could reach it, she let go and stood in the water up to her shoulders. Jingle laughed a little, and then sat back down on the ground.

"Be more careful, Pashy." Jingle said. Pashmina looked up at him,

still having that surprised look on her face. She searched for the words of how to ask him.

"Are youâ€|?" It was all that she could muster up and all that slipped out of her mouth. Jingle laughed and shook his head.

"No, I'm not." Jingle replied. Pashmina let out a sigh of relief. She then puffed up her cheeks and looked back up at Jingle.

"Then why did you have to go and make me fall in the water! Now I'm all wet!" Pashmina yelled at him. She didn't know him that well, and yet she was already yelling at him.

"I didn't think you'd fall into the lake just like that. It was only a joke." Jingle explained himself.

"Well, it wasn't a very nice oneâ€|" Pashmina mumbled, folding her arms on the lake's edge and leaning her head on her arms.

"Why? Were you expecting me to say you?" Jingle asked.

Pashmina jumped back. "What! No!" She defended quickly. Jingle only laughed more.

"You know what, Jingle? You're not nice." She pouted, only kidding of-course. She swam back over to him.

Jingle's laughs turned into a soft smile. "Well, what if I said that it is you, then?" He asked. Pashmina's heart skipped a beat and her mouth parted a little as red crept over her cheeks.

"Wh-what?" She asked in disbelief.

"Kidding." He said, grinning widely again.

That was the last straw. "You are the most so not nice person ever!" She yelled. She grabbed one of his feet and pulled him into the water.

"Wha? Hey!" He shouted. With a big splash, the two fell into the water. Pashmina came out first with a menacing grin. Next, Jingle's head popped up, spitting water out of his mouth. Pashmina giggled and stuck her tongue out at him.

"Oh, and I'm not nice?" Jingle asked. Pashmina giggled a bit more, pulling herself out of the water. She squeezed water out of her hair and then out of her shirt. Jingle followed, climbing out of the lake.

Pashmina lied down in the grass and stared up at the sky. She was still wondering who Jingle liked. Not Sandy hopefully, since she was with Maxwell. Penelope was too young and Bijou was away on vacation in France so Jingle would've chosen a different time to come back if it was her. Who was it?

"Jing-gle." She called his name in a melodious tone. Jingle, who was sitting beside her, looked down at her with a 'what?' expression.

"Who is it?"

"Who is what?" he asked.

"Don't be stupid! Who do you like?" She asked.

"Oh, that. It's no one." He said, looking up at the sky.

"Tell me!" Pashmina demanded, sitting up. Jingle looked back at her and gave her another gentle smile.

"Don't worry about it, okay?"

He certainly had a way with words. The way he said it made her not even want to ask anymore, even though she was still very curious about it. "Fine." She replied. He smiled at her one last time, and then returned to looking at the sky. Pashmina looked from him to the sky and back, trying to figure out what he was staring at. What was so great about the sky? The sky wasn't that special. There were other things that were better than the sky. The sky was stupid.

"What are you looking at?" She asked finally, breaking the short silence.

"Hm?" He asked, looking back at her.

"I don't like the sky."

"Why not?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. Well, she was being so random, so of-course he would wonder why.

"Because I don't." Pashmina said. She sounded like a stubborn little girl who didn't want to play with the new girl across the street.

"Well, that's strange. The sky is beautiful."

"There are other things that are more beautiful than something like the sky." She retorted. But he wasn't listening; he was looking at the sky.

"Jingle, will you play me a song?" She asked. She wouldn't let the sky get all the attention. Jingle looked at her.

"Huh? Sure." He replied, picking up his guitar. He tapped it four times to get a beat and then ran his fingers over the strings, beginning his song. He had chosen another calm, serene song without words like the one he had been playing earlier, but Pashmina noticed this one sounded a bit sad, depressing. Pashmina looked at the ground as he played this song. It almost made her feel like crying. A way with words and a way with music.

When the song ended, Pashmina felt like falling apart. It was so beautiful, but so heartbreaking. Jingle looked up from his guitar and looked at her, waiting to hear what she had to say about the song.

"It was really beautiful." Pashmina said quietly.

"Thankâ€" He stopped, seeing the look on her face. "You okay?"

She looked up at him. "No, no. I'm fine." She said, putting on a smile. "Your song was just so moving."

"Oh, well, thank you." He replied.

"What's it called?" She asked.

"Break."

"Oh!" She gasped. Even the title crushed her. How was he able to make her want to cry with just one word?

"Hey, Jingle— what were you thinking about when you wrote this song?" She asked. Jingle stood up and smiled down at her.

"I was thinking about her."

Pashmina's eyes grew wide and glossy. A soft breeze blew by them as their eyes met. After a moment, she stood up. "Jingle, whoever it is you like, I'm sure she'll like you back!" She said, energetically.

Jingle chuckled. "Oh, I doubt that." He said, turning around. He began walking away. Pashmina was confused. Was he leaving? Not even a goodbye? She picked up his guitar and went after him.

"Why? Why do you think that?" She asked.

"Because we barely know each other and haven't seen each other for a while." He replied, still walking.

"So? Maybe she likes you! How do you know what she thinks of you?"

"Oh, I know what she thinks of me." He said, stopping finally. He turned around to look at Pashmina. She waited anxiously for him to continue. He laid one hand on his guitar and leaned over to her ear.

"She thinks I'm the most so not nice person ever." He whispered into her ear. With that, he took his guitar and walked away, disappearing into the woods.

Pashmina stood there a moment in confusion. It took her a few seconds to understand what he meant. She frantically ran into the forest and looked around. "Jingle!" She called out. She needed to find him! Her damp clothes clung to her body and her hair blew messily as she ran, wind blowing the water right out of both.

For at least ten more minutes, she ran around the forest, searching for him, but she just couldn't find him. Getting tired and frustrated, she stopped. "Ugh! Jingle, you evil, evil person! I like you too, you meanie!" She shouted, annoyed.

"Glad to hear you feel that way." Pashmina felt hands slip over her eyes. She pushed them away hastily and turned around to see Jingle. She bit her lip to keep from screaming at him, but then let go of her breath.

"You know, you really are the most so not nice person ever." Pashmina said, letting a smirk grow on her face.

Jingle smiled back. "Well, maybe I knew that." He replied. Pashmina punched him lightly on the shoulder.

"I don't like you." She said playfully.

"Well, then same here." Jingle replied.

"Hmph." Pashmina replied, taking his hand and beginning to drag him back towards the lake. Jingle trailed along behind her in confusion.

"Where are we going?" Jingle asked, puzzled.

"I need to push you into the lake again."

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Well, I didn't know how to end it so I just did. Heh heh, I thought it was cute. Maybe it was a bit \_off\_, but I hope you still liked it! Please review!

End  
file.